

demigod

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Summary

"This weapon," he tells Will, curling his large hands around Will's wrists and cradling the blade between them, "was made before your kind could open its eyes. By the titans that came before you, when there was a war between them and the gods which I now call my brothers and sisters."

It is with a reverential air that Will takes the blade Hannibal offers to him. It is long, and wickedly curved like a fishing hook, serrated all within the inner curl so that there is no doubt whatever it became stuck in would be eviscerated with a single tug. The handle is golden and fashioned in the shape of a serpent's head, jaws parted and showing its long fangs, its hissing tongue. The entire thing is quite large – Will can fit his fist through the inside of the hook, and the entire length of it almost rivals his arm. Still, it is deceptively light in his hands, weighing no more than a piece of sea glass.

Will looks down at the blade, and then to his god, in question. Hannibal smiles at him, his eyes richly colored purple today – Will has learned he is most happy when the weather turns bad on the surface, meaning sailors and explorers and all things mortal tend not to sully his ocean home with their presence as often. Those that do are hardy, and know to respect the sea.

"This weapon," he tells Will, curling his large hands around Will's wrists and cradling the blade between them, "was made before your kind could open its eyes. By the titans that came before you, when there was a war between them and the gods which I now call my brothers and sisters."

Everyone knows the story of that great war – the one that divided the oceans and the sky from themselves, that separated the earth to the large stretches of land that humans navigate now. That drained water from the places they call deserts and made the earth tremble so hard they created mountains and valleys and rocky gorges. He looks down at it, and wonders how many gods it has killed. The blade seems to thrum with power when Hannibal touches it, and Will would never want to harm his god, his lover, his mate, for any reason, but he cannot help wonder what it would feel like, what it would look like, to see Hannibal bleed.

His eyes fall to the ring of teeth marks on Hannibal's forearm, laid there when last they went to shore, and his mouth goes dry.

Hannibal laughs – a low and gentle sound like inward-rushing tides. "Your mind is whirring, my beautiful boy," he says, and Will bites his lower lip, flushing deeply. His lashes flutter as a hand rakes through his hair, wide and warm, and cradles his nape.

He swallows, and rasps over his sandpaper tongue and his aching throat; "Is this the blade you promised me?" For it is not one of Hannibal's teeth; Will has intimate knowledge of all of them, from sitting in his mouth or feeling them pierce his flesh.

Hannibal shakes his head. "Of course not," he replies. "But even as powerful as I have made you, it is no small feat to cut out a god's teeth. You will need all the help you can get."

Will's breath catches, his eyes widen, and his fingers go tight around the handle of the blade. Yes, Hannibal agreed to fashion him a weapon with a tooth from his purple-eyed head, but truthfully Will imagined he would simply show up one day and bestow it upon Will. He would *never*, in his wildest dreams, have assumed Hannibal would give him the honor of taking it himself.

"I've surprised you," Hannibal murmurs, cupping his chin and making him lift his gaze, so their eyes can meet.

Will nods, lets out a weak breath. "I didn't think you would grant me such a blessing," he replies softly, shivering when Hannibal smiles at him. "Forgive me; I'm overwhelmed." Hannibal's lashes go low, his eyes a brilliant mix of gold that brightens the purple hue, makes him look even more otherworldly. Will cannot possibly imagine what he must have been like, when the world was new, fighting against the titans that threatened to destroy the creatures that worshipped beings like him.

"You are easily overwhelmed," he replies. Not in chastisement, not to mock – rather, he sounds incredibly pleased by that truth. He steps close to Will, and Will drops his hands so the blade is held at his hip, for he dares not risk harming his god. Such is Hannibal's gift to him; Will is now aware of the inner workings of his mind, can reach out and touch Hannibal's thoughts as easily as if he were standing in front of him. Even in Hannibal's absence, when he visits his shrines and temples, Will can speak to him, and devote every waking moment to giving praise and adoration to his merciless, wonderful master.

Hannibal is still holding his chin, and so it is easy for Will to let himself be pulled, to close his eyes and press his lips to Hannibal's, aching at their softness, their heat. Hannibal burns despite his icy ocean home, lit from the fire of his ever-burning hearth, and his other hand slides to Will's hip and tugs him close, until they are connected as much as possible while still standing. Will gasps, and cups Hannibal's nape with his free hand, in awe at the flex of powerful muscle and tendon beneath his grip. As he is now, he can hold Hannibal tight enough to bruise his skin, to welt him beneath tooth and nail – how wonderful it is, to know he is so loved, to have been given the gift of Hannibal's vulnerability.

"Do you want me to take it now?" he asks when Hannibal lets him part for air. No longer holding lungs, or a stomach, or anything else inside him besides his heart, Will doesn't need to breathe. He fears no pain, no chill, no hunger. In every moment he is alive and warm, an empty vessel for Hannibal's love and brutality.

But he knows there are movements of the moon and the tides that even now he is not aware of; parts of the cycle of the world where magic is at its peak and it is the best time to perform rituals such as this. Hannibal smiles, and shakes his head, gifting him with another kiss to his open mouth, to his blushing cheek, to his forehead.

"Soon, my love," he replies, and in Will's head he hears the double echo; *Soon, beautiful boy. Soon, my Will.* Will shivers, pressing his lips together, his lashes fluttering as Hannibal nuzzles his hair, brushes their cheeks together, and smooths a hand down his flank. "We must wait for the moon to be full again."

Will nods. He turns his head, looking down at the blade, and Hannibal follows his gaze. He hums, and murmurs; "Tell me what you're thinking."

Will smiles at him, and takes his hand, leading him to the hearth and the room with the throne, wherein he has kept the fine silks and furs Hannibal has gifted him; the skins of seals and lavish rugs and all things soft and warm in which he nests. He sets the blade on the edge of it, far from a wayward hand that might slip and cut itself upon it, and sits. Hannibal climbs

in behind him eagerly, a soft rumble in his chest as Will tilts his head and allows Hannibal to kiss and mouth over his exposed neck.

"I have heard stories of the titans," he says, as Hannibal's hands run down his arms, lace their fingers together. Hannibal turns him so Will's back is to his chest, and he's resting between Hannibal's thighs, his heart and belly and neck exposed. He would never hide any piece of himself from his god. "Of the great war that destroyed them." Hannibal hums, and nips lightly at Will's ear, making him tremble again. "How many did you kill yourself?"

"I never counted," Hannibal says, amused and low. "Though I'm sure the number is in the low hundreds. There are some that slaughtered them in droves, and turned the oceans red for years at a time."

Will swallows, gasping as he feels Hannibal's cock hardening against the small of his back. He arches, always open and wet now, eager for Hannibal to fill him. Hannibal's growl is soft, wanting, his hands taking Will's and wrapping their arms around Will's chest, holding him still as Hannibal lifts him. Will groans, tipping his head back onto Hannibal's shoulder and shuddering with pleasure as Hannibal angles himself to push against Will, and then into him, splitting him apart.

"There is the wolf," Hannibal murmurs. "A great beast. His fur is blacker than the darkest places in the sea, his eyes red as blood in sunlight." Will knows of this god; his worshippers are the neighbors of Will's tribe. Fierce people, but fair, valuing the strength of alliances over the visceral pleasure of conquest. Will's people exchange fish and nets and ships for meat that is raised on the land, and sometimes blankets spun from sheep's wool, and grain. "He would chase the titans' children into deep tidal pools, to be pulled away from shore and drowned in my domain."

Will can imagine it, picturing it clear as day; sharks and giant eels rushing up to devour clans by the dozen, swallowing them whole or ripping them to shreds.

Hannibal releases his hands, cups his thighs and works Will onto his cock, pushing deep enough, large enough, that Will's empty belly bulges with it. Will gasps, pawing at his distended skin, groaning at the stretch. He's quaking with ecstasy, unable to keep his eyes open – yet, behind his eyelids, fever dreams dance, flickering like the lick of flames, showing him monsters and gods and all things in between.

"There is the dragon," Hannibal continues. "I gave him the rain, so that he could fly in the clouds undetected, and throw fire down on the titans' villages and mountains. He planted his flames in some of them, so full they burst with it and made volcanoes, and spewed ash into the sky that would choke the life out of them."

Will moans weakly, whimpering as Hannibal fucks him – slow, deep thrusts that he feels in his throat. His mouth floods with Hannibal's venom and he lets it drip, soaks his palm with it and reaches down to fist his cock, stroking in a slow counterrhythm to Hannibal's thrusts.

"There is the scorpion," Hannibal tells him, digging his teeth into one of the bruises lining Will's neck like imprinted gems, that shine red and black and purple. Will's moan is louder, turns to a breathy cry as Hannibal splits skin and sinks more venom into his muscles, his

veins. "She burrows under the ground and would send her children into the titans' beds while they slept, stinging them to death, or crawling into their mouths so that they could pierce their hearts. And her mate, the wild mare, who would raise mighty stampedes that would slaughter their cavalry; turn their mounts and their livestock against them." He smiles, teeth to Will's ear. "Have you ever seen a horse, or a pig, devour a man?"

Will shakes his head.

"It's quite beautiful, in its way," Hannibal whispers.

Will arches against him, desperate as Hannibal grips his hips and grinds him down, fucks him deep and slow. "Who else?" he gasps.

Hannibal sighs. "There was one other," he says. One hand slides over Will's racing heart, grips him tight. "She was in the wind, and spoke to the birds. The titans found her nest, and killed her while she slept." His voice is dark with anger, and Will feels it echo in his own head; it makes his lip twitch to bare his teeth, his eyes burn when he opens them and turns his head to see Hannibal's face, sees the same deep, deep anger etched into the corners of his mouth and eyes. "She was the only casualty on our side of the war – not only that, but the catalyst for it. I would not let her murder go unanswered for – I summoned the others, and bade them join me in my revenge, until we had destroyed every drop of titan stain on this world."

Will swallows, and cups his face, making Hannibal turn and look at him. Hannibal's expression softens, by a fraction only, and he sighs and kisses Will with bruising teeth and invading tongue. He whimpers under the heat of his god's rage, shivers and clenches up around Hannibal as Hannibal kisses him, and Hannibal surges with a growl, rolling Will onto his belly and pinning him, teeth in his neck and hands gripping Will's shoulders tightly to keep him down.

Will cries out, spasming as Hannibal penetrates him deeply, floods him with venom that makes every piece of him sing in adoration, in pleased and rapturous praise. Hannibal bites him fiercely, splitting his skin in another welting bruise, and Will comes like that, twitching and writhing beneath Hannibal's powerful body. Hannibal growls, rakes his claws down Will's flanks and holds him still by the hips, rutting deep inside him and going still with another snarl. Will chokes on the flood of venom, for now he has nothing in him to absorb it, and it spills from his mouth and his ass in a thick gush despite how deeply Hannibal has plugged him.

Hannibal sighs, and kisses his hair, but seems in no hurry to move or release Will. He settles over Will, suffocating him in the nest, and Will lifts a hand to pet over his hair as Hannibal purrs and kisses his neck.

"Gods can be reborn," Will rasps, when he can speak around the venom in his mouth. He swallows it back when Hannibal nuzzles him. "Does she have a shrine? Anyone who would remember her name?"

"There is one priestess still loyal to her," Hannibal tells him. "She lives in the highest mountain, far away, but protected by my power, on a single island in the middle of the

ocean." He sighs. "Perhaps, yes, if more people knew of her, she might have the strength to return, but gods are possessive of their worshippers, my love, and will cede for no one. Even I cannot convince them to do that."

Will nods, turns his head and lets out a soft groan as Hannibal kisses him. Despite his anger, and his sorrow, Will's head is filled with the heat of his love, and he shivers and rolls his body against Hannibal's as it crests over him in another powerful wave.

Hannibal parts from the kiss with another smile, nuzzling Will's bloodied neck. He is always so liberal with his affection, and Will eager to soak all of it in like sun on a rock. He smiles, tilts his head to expose more of his throat.

"Creating your weapon will require yet more sacrifice, my love," Hannibal tells him. Will nods – he expected no less. "I will provide the blade, but you must fashion the rest of it. With blood, and bone, and your flesh."

Will nods again, shivering as Hannibal pulls out of him. He turns, rolling to his back and spreading his legs again so that he can cradle Hannibal between his thighs, and lifts his head, kissing soft and adoring over his god's smooth jaw, his strong neck, his hands petting down Hannibal's chest to feel where his heart beats powerfully. "Whatever I must give, I will," he promises, smiling when Hannibal lets out a rumble of pleasure. It is almost funny, that Hannibal should seek to warn him – for has Will not already died upon his altar, and lost everything that makes him a man, and yet still opens himself so sweetly for his mate's love? How could Hannibal think he would not give more, as much of himself as he could? If he were to forever remain as merely a stain on Hannibal's teeth and a bite in his arm, he would still find it the greatest honor to be a part of his god at all.

Hannibal kisses him. "The moon will be full again in two nights," he murmurs, and Will closes his eyes and sighs as Hannibal cups his nape, threads long fingers through his hair, mouths warm and wide along his neck. "I will take you back to our altar, and we will make it there."

Will smiles, and gasps as Hannibal pushes his thighs apart again, forever greedy and lustful, just as the ocean licks constantly at the shores of the land, seeking to erode and gnaw it to pieces. He fills Will until Will feels the pound of his heart pressed tight to his ribs, his hips cracked and forced apart, entire body clenching around Hannibal's cock.

"I can't wait," he manages, and then Hannibal smiles, and kisses him fierce and passionate, and Will has no need to say anything else.

On the second night, Hannibal opens his maw to allow Will to climb inside, settling on his tongue, and Will smiles, entertaining himself during the journey with admiring Hannibal's strong, sharp teeth, idly considering which one he will take. He has the blade Hannibal gave

him wrapped up in one of his seal skins, and holds it close to his chest so that he does not accidentally jostle and injure his mate as Hannibal rises, and moves through his whirlpool to take Will to the surface.

He deposits Will in a mess of saliva at the top of the mountain, and just as they did all those months ago, Will treks down it. Only now, he is not shaking and quivering with denied rapture, trembling and afraid; now he strides down the mountain path like he himself might be a god, sees the trees shiver and bow their great heads as he passes. The ocean echoes to him, the breeze sings and plays in his hair, and Will smiles when he sees their great stone altar, stained with blood and come and black bile from where Will gave himself upon it last.

A flicker of heat coils itself sharply in his stomach, seeing the jagged edges of the rock, the place where his name is carved beneath Hannibal's. It's a blinding heat, ecstasy and desire sharpening his teeth and drying his mouth. He steps up to it, and sets his blade upon it, his hands smoothing out along the stone on either side as Hannibal settles into place at the base of it.

He looks up, to his god's purple eyes. Hannibal's golden-eyed head, always the most curious, the most lustful for wealth, snakes down and nuzzles his arm, and Will smiles, turns his head and places a kiss upon the head's sharp, angular brow.

"Have you decided what you will do, my love?" Hannibal asks him, his tail wrapping around the base of the altar, coming to a stop over the arch of Will's foot and wrapping around his ankle, twitching like an excited cat. He can feel Hannibal's anticipation, his power, flowing through his fingers and soaking into his spine.

Will closes his eyes, shivering as the red-eyed head touches its muzzle to his forehead, licks through his hair, and he reaches up to pet beneath its chin, earning another soft purr. "Yes," he says. He swallows, and takes the blade in hand. "Lay your head upon the altar."

Hannibal obeys, his other two heads withdrawing as the purple-eyed one comes forward. Will smiles, and kisses his lip, his jaw, as Hannibal settles his great head on the altar, rumbling softly under Will's gentle touches. Then, he lifts his upper jaw, revealing the rows of glistening, sharp teeth. Will swallows, trembling with excitement, and he pets beneath Hannibal's lip, over his gums, until he finds the tooth he wants. They are straighter towards the back, still with a subtle curve, serrated on the back edge so that he can rip and tear the most easily. The tooth he chooses is from the bottom jaw, and as long as the tips of his fingers to his elbow.

His eyes burn, his throat thick with overwhelmed, joyous tears. He leans in and kisses the tooth, fitting his hand flat and wide on the bulge at its base within Hannibal's gums. Hannibal purrs, the golden-eyed head licking down Will's arm but careful of the sharp curl of the god-killing blade.

"I..." Will wants to say so much. He wants to say he will never love Hannibal more than he does in this moment. Wants to say that he would die a thousand times in repayment for this honor. But there are no words, in any language he thinks has ever existed or will ever exist, that could possibly encompass all of that.

And so he gives Hannibal his tears, gives him another gentle, lingering kiss, and then he lifts the blade, and points the tip upwards, into Hannibal's gums. He slices in a clean stroke, like he might cut a fish, baring the base of the fang to the root. Hannibal snarls, tongue thrashing in his mouth from pain, but otherwise doesn't move. His blood is thick and red, dripping down his tooth, and Will leans in to lick it up.

He curls the blade, fits the point between the gaps in Hannibal's fangs, and angles it so he can slice through the other side, to the roof of Hannibal's mouth. Then, around it, until a chunk of his gums falls away. He does not know what instinct bids him eat it, but he does, lifting the thick wad of bleeding flesh and swallowing it whole.

The golden-eyed head licks him, purring gently in his mind. Will wraps his hand around the root of the tooth, grits his teeth and forces Hannibal's lip higher, puts the ragged edge of the blade in a ring around his fang, and pulls. He feels flesh give, feels the tooth wiggle and shift, ripped out by the root like a mighty tree. It falls into Will's hand and he gasps, immediately withdrawing and lowering the blade, setting it and the tooth down upon the altar.

Hannibal snarls, and Will puts his face in the gap he made, kisses the slow-bleeding wound and shivers as Hannibal's blood coats his mouth, his lips, floods his throat. It burns him, turns his skin black on the inside, coloring his hands and his neck as he weeps and utters formless, wordless noises of praise and thanksgiving to his god's mouth. His hands shake, all of him shakes, so overwhelmed and sodden with joy he can barely breathe.

Hannibal lifts his head and Will bows his own, watches the dribble of blood from the corner of Hannibal's mouth like a man might watch a sunrise, wide-eyed and breathless at the brutal beauty of it all. One of Hannibal's massive forelegs braces against the side of the altar, and he turns to stare at Will with all three heads, and Will can only shake and cry out as Hannibal grips him and lifts him to the altar.

He spreads his knees, lowers himself to his elbows, moaning out a loud plea as Hannibal holds him steady. His monstrous cock is welcomed by Will's eager body, shredding and splitting him and Will presses his teeth to his fists and howls, shuddering with rapture as Hannibal tears him apart for the second time.

But he is stronger, now. He fears no pain, fears no death. "Harder," he commands, and Hannibal snarls at him, the golden-eyed head with its mouth full of venom snaking down for Will's kiss. Will moans at the bite of its fangs around his shoulder, the flood of venom that makes even shedding his own blood feel like the sharpest, sweetest pleasure. He grips the head by its delicate, pink-blushing frills, opens himself up wider and moans as Hannibal pierces him, shattering his hips, spreading his ribs, pulverizing his heart to ash beneath its wide, sharp-tipped girth. Hannibal fucks him brutally, no room in him for gentleness, but Will is sure his cries of pleasure can be heard as far South as the desert-lands where the scorpion queen resides.

He is released from Hannibal's grip, made to bear his god's weight on his own hands and knees, and Will's fingers find the furrows he dug when last he was mounted on this altar. He growls, and digs his nails in deeper, relishing how the stone melts to him as easily as hot butter. He claws another series of deep gouges through it as Hannibal slows, snarling above him, his cock pulsing as he holds Will still and fills him.

Will trembles, thighs quivering, and the golden head bows beneath him, long tongue wrapping around his hard, leaking cock. The tip of it flicks over the head like a snake, curls, and Will cries out as he feels the sharp, thin tip of it sinking into his slit, *into* his cock, flooding him with venom to the very base. He convulses as he comes, tilting his head up and rutting his cheek against Hannibal's powerful chest, a soft whine spilling from him as the golden-eyed head continues to lick at his cock, and then between his legs as Hannibal pulls out. He feels the flood of power from the altar as Hannibal's come and Will's blood cakes his thighs, stains their names between his knees.

Hannibal climbs down from the altar, purple-eyed head coming into view. He is no longer bleeding, and Will kisses and licks wantonly at the stain still lingering on his lip. "What will you give for the handle, my beloved boy?" Hannibal whispers to him.

Will rolls onto his back, takes Hannibal's muzzle in his hands and kisses him, drenched with sweat and blood and seed, moaning loudly when he earns another eager snarl from his god in response to his obvious desire. He releases Hannibal's face, and knowing the other heads are watching him, he reaches to the side and takes the golden blade in hand.

Hannibal growls, heads tilted in question.

Will smiles at him, sucks in a breath, and works his foot through the loop of the hook. Slides it up, grazing his calf muscle, until it settles behind his knee. "I can't bring it up any further," he says. Hannibal blinks at him, eyes cast down. As his monstrous form, he cannot emote like a man, but his mind pulses with curiosity and intrigue, and his tongue snakes out from his purple-eyed head, tasting the air. "You'll have to take the rest."

Hannibal nods, settling on his haunches. Will breathes in, grits his teeth, and tugs fiercely on the handle of the blade, slicing behind his knee, through skin and tendons. His body arches in pain, for this blade kills gods and cares not for the paltry power of a creature like him, but he forces himself to keep going as his blood gushes onto the altar, staining it a beautiful, bright red under the light of the moon.

He's starting to sweat, panting, leaking blood and come onto the altar, and feels it swell and shift with power. His shoulders dig into the gouges he left, his stomach sinks in, he groans and shudders and, with a single, savage tug, carves between his bones and upwards of his kneecap, separating his lower leg from the rest of his body.

The discarded flesh thuds to the altar, and the golden-eyed head nudges it, takes it between delicate teeth. Will groans in pain, throwing the blade away over his head as Hannibal's purple-eyed center head descends, jaws splitting wide, and encases the rest, teeth settling just within the socket of his hip. He bites down and Will screams, arching and writhing, not even Hannibal's venom enough to take the pain away completely.

Hannibal twists his head, yanks, and the rest of Will's leg comes off. Will gasps, so weak with blood loss he can hardly see, and then the red-eyed head is there, purring in a way he's sure is meant to soothe. It pushes one of its thick tentacles against the open wound, licks around the edges of it, and Will whimpers as he feels his skin begin to knit back together. It's a slow process, much slower than when Hannibal healed him the last time, and he cannot help but

think this is by design; that Hannibal, despite how much he loves Will and how treasured Will is, wants to see him suffer just a little for taking his tooth.

But then it is done, and Will is no longer bleeding. He's dizzy, weak with pain and blood loss, and the red-eyed head's tentacles wrap around him, helping him to sit up. He groans, breathing hard, and wipes a hand through his soaked hair, pushing it away from his sweaty face.

"I need -." He stops, breathes in deeply, clears his throat. "I need the bones."

Hannibal's purr is loud and pleased, and he opens his mouths, showing Will his own limb. Will takes the upper leg from the purple-eyed head, first, and his femur slides out easily from his flesh, which feels as though it is no more substantial than wisps of smoke. He smiles, and feeds it back to his god, the bone clinging to blood and sinew and shining as though made of moonlight and steel, mostly clean.

Then, the golden-eyed head offers his lower leg, and Will strips it of its kneecap, separates the two bones and dislodges the grip of his ankle. He offers his flesh back as before, and cracks them, so that he can line up all three in a row, end to end.

He pushes himself off the altar, unsteady only on one leg, but the tentacles help him stand. He takes what he tore from the altar with trembling hands, binds the ends of the bones to each other and molds the stone like clay, packing it around the sides of the thinner bones until what he makes is a single, thick spear of rock and his own leg. It is tall enough, when all's said and done, that the jut of his hip socket sits at his temple.

Then, he takes Hannibal's fang, and attaches it to the top of the staff, creating a spear. He binds it with the rock from their altar, fills the divots and creases with his blood so that it is a macabre mix of red and silver and pearlescent white. By the end, the spear is a foot taller than him. He runs a hand through his hair again, tugging until a few strands come loose in his fingers, and ties them in a tight knot around the hilt of the tooth, watches with a smile as his hair melts into the stone, molds into it to create a pattern much like the tentacles around Hannibal's red-eyed head.

Hannibal's purr echoes threefold in his mind, and Will lifts his gaze, smiling when he sees Hannibal baring his teeth in an answering grin. "A fine weapon," he purrs, and leans down to nuzzle Will's wet hair. "Come, my love – I will take you to the water."

Will nods, and gathers the titan blade Hannibal gave him, wrapping it again in the seal skin and holding both to his chest as Hannibal's center head opens wide and he can gracelessly climb in. Hannibal keeps his mouth open so that Will's spear can jut out of it, and as a result, as they climb the mountain and return to the water, Will is drowned in the icy embrace of Hannibal's ocean. He gasps, closing his eyes, curls up on himself as Hannibal's tongue grips his waist tightly, so he is not washed away.

The saltwater caresses his skin, stings at his torn-open insides and the wound at his hip. He swallows, letting the ocean flood his mouth, encase his heart and fill his empty belly, and feels, as Hannibal drags him under, the first jut of his leg reforming.

As they emerge back in Hannibal's halls, Hannibal gently sets Will down amidst a flood of ocean water. Will gasps, moaning weakly, clutching his spear and the blade as he feels bones shift inside him, splitting his healed-over skin. His hip reforms, sits as a socket for his femur, his leg cracks loudly and bends, his ribs seal themselves tight and he trembles as he heals, until he is once again whole. He sobs against the floor, once again overwhelmed by Hannibal's kindness – for yes, Will would have eagerly given more of his body, all of it, for the gift of a weapon, and Hannibal didn't have to heal him, but it is yet another blessing from his generous, wonderful god.

Hannibal's hands touch him, once again a man, and Will goes to his knees, breathing hard and looking up at Hannibal's smiling face. He drops the old titan blade, reaches up with a trembling hand, and rests it over his god's heart.

"Thank you," he breathes. Hannibal's eyes are brilliant, a dark swirl of purple and red, and he pulls Will to his feet and into a kiss, stealing whatever air he had managed to regain. He has no need to breathe, no lungs that ache for air, but now the ocean is in his blood, in his veins, and he thinks – he thinks, for he cannot say for sure – that though Hannibal called him a titan, that is not quite what he is. Titans could never do what he did, could never love his god as he does.

He kisses Hannibal brazenly, grips his nape and aches, aches awfully, as Hannibal purrs and embraces him in turn. Will holds tight to his spear, his hand warm and knuckles unable to loosen, and he lets out a weak, desperate sound, so full of love and adoration he cannot possibly contain it all.

"Hannibal," he whispers, and feels Hannibal tremble at the onslaught of his love. It gives Will the strength to pull away and set his spear down, and he returns to his god's arms, kisses him again, again, again, on fire and fit to burst with his worship. Again, no words escape him; there is merely a cacophony of praise in his head, screaming 'I love you' and 'Fill me' and 'Let me show you'.

Hannibal snarls against his mouth, shows his teeth, and Will weeps openly with joy when he sees where one is missing, set far enough back as to not immediately be obvious, but he knows to look for it. He clutches Hannibal's hair with both hands, arches close to him, moans as Hannibal claws at his healed hip and the small of his back.

"Will," Hannibal breathes, looking just as shocked, his ardor just as strong. He smiles. "Your hunger for me may rival mine for you, my beautiful boy."

Will smiles back, kisses his mouth, his jaw, his cheek, his neck. He claws at Hannibal's shoulders and grinds his cock against Hannibal's belly, so desperate it feels like he cannot see anything except the glow of Hannibal's eyes.

"I am yours to command," he replies. "Bid me strike the dragon from the sky, and drown the scorpion, flood the mare's pastures, raise such storms that the wolf cannot move through his

fallen trees." Hannibal growls, tugging Will closer. He pushes at Will and Will falls to his knees, then his back, spreading his thighs as Hannibal covers him. He arches, the ocean soaking his body to the core, and cries out, arching and gripping Hannibal's flanks tightly as Hannibal pierces him. "Let me -." He gasps, shuddering with ecstasy as Hannibal bites at his lower lip, drawing new blood, smearing it between their mouths. "Let me spear the heart of every man, destroy every ship, drown every creature that does not give itself in rightful worship to you."

Hannibal is a vengeful, insatiable god. If the others will not join him in his quest for justice for his fallen sister, then they will all be slain. If they will not surrender their worshippers, he will destroy them and take them for his god. He will not rest until every soul and every creature residing in valley, ocean, forest, and field knows the true lord of this earth.

Hannibal wraps a hand in his hair, forces his head back and rears over him, a giant, a monstrous beast. Will clutches at his hips, rakes valleys in his flanks, digs his nails into his powerful chest and grips with his thighs, urging Hannibal to fuck him harder, deeper, until his blood stains the stone ground and the bottom of the ocean quakes with it.

Hannibal's eyes are wide, burning into him. "You would do all this for me," he murmurs, and Will nods, gasping as Hannibal's cock fills him again, forces venom and ocean water from his mouth. He rears up and kisses his god, pets bloody hands through his hair, clings and clutches and shudders through his release. It crests on him in a wave, but another follows soon after, and he is alight with sensation and love for his beautiful, terrible god.

"All of it and more," Will replies. "Until the whole world sings praises to your name." Hannibal gasps, a surprised and shaken sound, as human as Will has ever heard him be. He may be right – he emptied Will, and now Will is a gaping void, a hungry mouth, set to devour all in its path.

Hannibal rests their foreheads together, his eyes unblinking, burning with fire, as he goes still and empties himself into Will. Will moans softly, kisses his sounds into Hannibal's mouth, flavors his tongue with Will's love, licks into the hollow where Will took his fang.

He feels, as Hannibal finishes, the oceans churn with readiness. Hears the sharks and eels and rays gather themselves for war. Feels the clouds burgeon and roll, ready to strike with rain and lightning. Listens to the quake of the earth and the whimpering, terrified cries of those who dwell along the shore. The swamps grow dark and deep, letting out no light, the creatures in them pacing with fangs bared, snarling.

"My Will," Hannibal breathes to his neck, licking over his flying pulse. "In all my life, I have never met one such as you." He draws back, and pulls out, and Will moans, biting his lower lip, and sits up as Hannibal stands and goes to his spear, taking it in both hands. It's a fierce-looking weapon, with Hannibal's serrated tooth and staff of bone and rock. Men will cower at the sight of it, and he who wields it, just as Hannibal promised.

He kneels before Will, and holds it to him, like a knight might swear fealty to a king. Will's eyes widen at the gesture, and he swallows harshly. "We will turn the waters red again," Hannibal tells him.

Will smiles, and reaches for his spear, his fingers sliding between Hannibal's along the staff, and Hannibal's lashes lower, and he pulls Will into a kiss.

"If this is what you desire, my beautiful ocean-eyed boy," Hannibal purrs, his smile wide, so wide, his entire presence and the threefold echo of his voices in Will's head thrumming with joyful anticipation, "then let it be done."

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